Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, Villaine take my purſe:
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my body,
And giue the Letters which thou findſt about me
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter, ſeeke him out, vpon
The Britiſh party: ô vntimely death! death.

He dyes.

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, reſt you, lets ſee his pockets,
Theſe Letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am onely ſorry he had no other deathſman.
Let vs ſee, leaue gentle wax, and manners blame vs not,
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

Let your reciprocall vowes be remembred,
You haue many opportunities to cut him off.
If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done: If he returne the Conqueror,
Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my Iayle,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliuer me,
And ſupply the place for your labour.

Your wife (ſo I would ſay) & your affectionate ſeruant,
Gonorill.

Edg. O vndiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous letchers, and in the mature time
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſd Duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and buſineſſe I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe,
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling

Of